St. Croix, March 7th.

Much of my intricate business is finished, and I hope to get away soon, as the frigate is to come down for me in a few days. I enjoy the best health and spirits, rise early, take moderate exercise, and work hard till dinner, and play at cards in the evening. This is a most hospitable place, for the principal people live in the town, and I have not once dined at home.

I find the weather delightful, though the wind is too boisterous; but it tempers the air so well that, although the thermometer at the window marks 80, I do not feel greater warmth than in our moderate summer weather. In the evening it is really cold, and a cloth coat very comfortable.

The conversation here is generally of Toussaint Louverture[1] and St. Domingo. The last accounts from thence say that General Leclerc has published a proclamation of Bonaparte to the inhabitants, full of equality and fraternity. Toussaint has retired into the Grandbois mountains, and probably much bloodshed will ensue. If pacific measures are

i Toussaint Louverture. This extraordinary man, who rose from a common slave to the highest dignities in St. Domingo, was eventually inveigled, or rather carried off to France, and was thrown into prison, where he died in 1803, not without suspicion of having been poisoned.